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Stranded



survival

ocean

solo

21 0 1

Chapter 1 by Ricky Advani

CRASH

totally not cliché

The cold pacific water cooled my back as I slept upon the shores. Then I realized I was marooned of here. I quickly got up and took a good look around me. The crisp morning smell of the vegetation and isolation had left me speechless. So I guess I'm the next castaway. Irony isn't it? The last movies I watched was Castaway.

So with some tricks and survival techniques, which I learned from boy scout trips in Minnesota. I first planned of gathering food from the coconut trees or some roots. The coconut trees were quite tall and grew up beyond my sight as the sun glare made it impossible to determine it's height. I hugged the tree and used some rocks to stab into the wood for some support.

The coconuts were quite heavy, felt like I held a 20-pound giant panda in my hands. I dropped the coconuts to the ground which made a **Thud** sound. I crept down the tree ever so slowly until a thorn scraped my chest and I lost my balance. Unfortunately, I fell onto the coconut which left me into a bad position.

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I could hardly feel my back. The excruciating pain had left me immobile. I left myself lying on the floor as the warm sand caressed my back. I rolled onto my side and I laid there, "Divine", I said as I looked at the stars which combined and unfolded into a true piece of art.

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